

# Triumphs of London.

Performed on Friday, Octob. 29. 1675. for the  
Entertainment of the Right Honourable,  
and truly Noble Pattern of  
*Prudence and Loyalty,*

Sir JOSEPH SHELDON K<sup>t</sup>,  
Lord Mayor of the City of  
LONDON.

Containing a true description of the several Pageants, with the  
Speeches spoken on each Pageant. Together with the  
several Songs sung at this Solemnity.

All set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the  
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY of

## DRAPERS.

Designed and Compos'd, By *Tho. Jordan*, Gent.

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LONDON,

Printed by J. Stacok, for John Playford, and are sold at  
his Shop near the Temple Church, 1675.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
Sir JOSEPH SHELDON K<sup>t</sup>,  
Lord Mayor  
Of the CITY of  
LONDON.

MY LORD,

**S**uccession, Election, and Desert, by their  
Trinity of Power in a Unity of Consent,  
are manuductive in your ascension to that  
Chair of Equity prepared for those worthy Pa-  
triot's who are to dispense Justice impartially for  
the civil support of this great City; for the  
which dignity, Extraction, Nature, and Edu-  
cation, have so copiously qualified your Lord-  
ship, that you will be able in your Governing, to  
satisfie the highest Expectation. It was (not  
long

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

long since) the expression of an ingenious Gentleman (who honoureth your Name and Family) that, as the Jews chose their first Monarch for the magnitude of his Corporeal dimensions, You might have been more reasonably Elected Lord Mayor for the grandeur of your Animal and Intellectual Expansions: That you deserve (were not the Governing time of the City limited) to fill the Justice-Seat of this Emporium, so long a time as your Predecessor, Sir Henry Fitz-Alwin, a Member of this Company of Drapers; who was the first Lord Mayor of this Antient Famous City, and continued in that Dignity more than 24. years, so sans intermission: Nor is this opinion confined to the indulgence of one single person, but is the Universal Judgment of all rational Citizens; and such are the sober thoughts of

My Lord,

Your Faithful and

Humblest Honourer,

Tho. Jordan.



TO THE  
 WORSHIPFUL COMPANY  
 OF  
 DRAPERS.

Gentlemen,

**Y**OUR own Urbanity more than my Deserts hath ex-  
 alted my humble Genius to the Advancement of De-  
 signing and Describing this Days Triumph, to which,  
 if, when you have survey'd it, you are pleas'd to object, that I  
 have not perform'd this Duty so exactly as I should, I must in-  
 genuously confess, I have done it as well as I can, in Structure,  
 Figure, Speech, and Melody, all which (in their aptitude)  
 Consent and Concenter in Magnifying the Merit of the Ma-  
 gistrate, and also elevating the deserved Dignity of the As-  
 sistent and Splendid Society of Drapers. And I hope, that  
 when you shall consider, my subject matter (in point of Trade)  
 is (the great Manufacture of this Nation) Cloth, it may rea-  
 sonably in the best sense be said, My Wits went a Wool-  
 gathering. But with high intention, that my Muse may like  
 Jason, bring in and magnifie, The Golden Fleece, whose  
 splendour can never be sufficiently glorified, nor this Wor-  
 shipful antiently famous Company be illustrated by the weak  
 Endeavours of

Your most Obsequious Servant,

Thomas Jordan.



*In proper Habits, orderly Array'd,  
The Movements of the Morning are Display'd.*

**S** Elected Citizens i'th' Morning All,  
At seven a Clock do meet at *Drapers-Hall*,  
The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, join,  
For the first rank, in their Gowns fac'd with Foin.  
The second Order do, in merry moods,  
March in Gowns fac'd with Budg and Livery Hoods.

In Gowns and Scarlet Hoods thirdly appears,  
A youthful number of Foins Bachelors.  
Fotty Budg Batchelors the Triumph Crowns,  
Gravely atrepp'd in Scares Hoods and Gowns.

Gentlemen Ushers which white Staves do hold,

Sixty in Velvet Coats and Chains of Gold.

Next thirty more in Plush and Buff there are,

That several Colours wave, and Banners bear.

The Sergeant Trumpet thirty six more brings,

Twenty the Duke of York's, sixteen the Kings.

The Serjeant wears two Scarfs, whose Colours be,

One the Lord Mayors's, t'other's o'th' Company.

The King's Drum Major, follow'd by four more

Of the Kings Drums and Fifes, make London roar.

Seven Drums and two Fifes more in Vests of Buff,

March with waste Scarfs and Breeches of black stuff.

Two City Marshals mounted and attended,

Are by the Company with Scarfs befriended;

And (next to th' Drums) do troop it in the Rear,

But the Foot Marshal doth the next appear;

Who puts them all in Rank and File, and wears

A shoulder Scarf as broad and rich as theirs;

Attended by six persons that date do,

What ere their Marshall may Command them to.

Next the Fence Master Troops, and (to defend him)

Divers with drawn broad, bright Swords do attend him.

Many poor Pensioners that march ith' Rear,

With Gowns and Caps, Standards and Banners bear;

A numerous Troop of Persons that are poor,  
In Azure Gowns and Caps, one hundred more,  
With Javelins and with Targets are all Arsons,  
And bear the Arms of their good Benefactors.

*Being thus prepared:*

By the Foot Marshals Judgment they are guided,  
And into six Divisions are divided.

Rank'd out by two and two, The first that stirs,  
Are the poor Company of Pensioners,  
But in the Front of them orderly be  
Placed the Ensigns of the Company.

Th' Rear of them four Drums and one Fife more,  
Then Pensioners in Coats describ'd before.

Persons of worth who do in Martial manner,  
Bear each of them a Standard, or a Banner.

Four Trumpets more to them, and in their Rear,  
Two of the Drapers Ensigns march, which bear

(As by the Herald Painter is express)  
The draught of their Supporters and their Crest:

Six Gentlemen Ushers in order tread,  
And after them the Batchellors in Budg:

Marching in measur'd distance, and indu'd  
With Order, This Division doth conclude.

Th' Rear of them six Trumpets do appear,  
And after them two Gentlemen that bear

Two Coats of Arms, which appertaining be  
To th' City and the Draper's Company.

Then do march up Eight Gentlemen that wear  
The Golden Chains, then the Foins Batchellors,

In amicable measure move like Friends  
Fill'd with one Joy: So this Division ends.

Two Gentlemen in Velvet Coats array'd,  
March after them with two Banners display'd:

Then succeed them ten Gentlemen Ushers more,  
In Coats and Chains of Gold describ'd before:

And, gradually, after them you'll see  
A very worthy large Society;

With each of them a Gown and Livery Hood,  
And all Lord Mayors in the Potential Mood.

Th' Rear of these (with silver sounds) do stilly goon I imagine A  
Do fall in divers Trumpets of the City, and of the Countie  
And after them two Gentlemen second, with their banners  
To bear the Arms o' th' City and my Lord's: And bear the Arms of the  
And then the Gentlemen with equal distance.

That Usher in the grave Court of Assistance:

Th' Rear of them four Drums, six Trumpets be  
Order'd to bring up the Catastrophe.

Three Gallants, *Successive*, follow them,

Bearing the Banners of the Diadem.

Kings, Queens, and City Ensigns, which engages

Six Gentlemen to wait on them as Pages:

The Masters and the Wardens bring up all;

And thus Equip'd, they march from Drapers Hall

To my Lords House, where th' Aldermen and He

Take Horse, and rank according to Degree:

Which being done, the whole Body in State

Doth move towards *Guild-Hall*, but at the Gate

The new Lord with the old Lord Mayor unites

Guarded by Gentlemen, Esquires and Knights:

Then thus attir'd with Gown, Furr, Hood, and Scarf,

March all through *Kings-street* down to *three-Grave-Wharfs*:

Where the Lord Mayor and th' Aldermen discharge

A few Gentlemen Waiters, and take Barge

At the West end o' th' Wharfs, and at the East

The Court Assistant, Livery, and the best

Gentlemen Ushers: Such as stay on shore

Are Ushers, Foins, and the Budg. Batchellor:

Who for a time repose themselves and men,

Untill his Lordship shall return again:

Who now with several Companies make his

To *Westminster*, but in their way is plac'd,

A Pleasure-Boat that hath great Guns aboard

And with two Broadfides doth salute my Lord:

They row in Triumph all along by the Strand

But when my Lord and Companies do Land

At the new *Palace-Stairs* orderly all

Do make a Lane to pass him to the Hall:

And all the Lord Mayor in the Tower

Where

Where having took an Oath that he will be)  
 Loyal and faithful to his Majesty,  
 His Government, his Crown, and Dignity,  
 With other Ceremonials said and done,  
 In order to his Confirmation;  
 Sealing of Writs in Courts, and such like things,  
 As shew his power abstracted from the Kings,  
 He takes his leave o' th' Lords and Barons, then  
 With his Retinue he retreats again  
 To th' Water-side and (having given at large  
 To th' poor of *Westminster*) doth re-imbarge,  
 And scud along the River till he comes  
 Up to *Pauls Wharf*, where Guns and thundring Drums  
 Proclaim his Landing, when hee's set a shore,  
 He is saluted with three Vollics more

By (the Military Glory of this Nation) the Company of Artillery men,  
 under the Conduct of the most accomplished for Arms and Aits, the  
 Right Worshipful Sir *Thomas Player*, Knight, they being all in their  
 Martial Ornaments of Gallantry; some in Buff with Head-pieces, many  
 of Massy Silver (of whose Honourable Society his Lordship hath been a  
 worthy Member.) There is also the old Warlike Honour of this Nation,  
 bravely revived, and is at this time a most Heroick Rarity; which is, that  
 divers Gentlemen Archers, compleatly Arm'd, with long Bows and Swords,  
 with War Arrows, and Pallisades, with Hats turn'd upon one side, on  
 which are tied large Knots of green Ribon, formed into a Company, march  
 under the Command of the Right Worshipful Sir *Robert Peyton* Knight,  
 &c.

From *Pauls Wharf* they march before my Lord through a Gallery of the  
 aforesaid Bachelors, and Gentlemen Ushers, who did not go to *Westmin-*  
*ster*, and likewise the Pensioners and Banners being set in Order, ready to  
 march, the Foot Marshal leads the way, and in the Rear of the Companies  
 up *Pauls Wharf Hill* into *Cheapside*, where his Lordship is entertain'd by  
 the first Scene or Pageant, as followeth.

And on four Pedestals, one at each Corner, are placed, eminently and properly dress'd, four Figures, Flowing and Plying, all of  
 their besting proper Emblems, and elegantly made more manly by

B

The

Peers, in an Olive-green, and Red, adorned with Silver lace, a Car-

VISION



## *The first Pageant described.*

**A** Scene of State, containing an Imperial Throne of Gold, every way richly adorned with several Banners of the Kings, the Cities, the Lord Mayors, the Companies, and Sir Henry Fitz-Alwain, &c. On this Throne there sitteth a comely Majestick person, with a chearful-look, that representeth TRIUMPH; in a cloth of Silver Robe, a purple scarf fringed with Gold, an Imperial Triple Crown upon a peruke of long fair hair, skie-colour'd silk stockings, on which are Golden buskins, laced up half way the leg, with purple and silver Ribbon in fustles; In her right hand she holdeth a Target beasing a Virgin, (the Companies Patroness) and in the other the Golden Fleece.

On seats round about her sit the four Cardinal Vertues, viz. *Prudence, Justice, Temperance* and *Fortitude*, all in their Emblematical Illustrations thus described:

*Prudence*, In a Scarlet colour'd silk Robe, a silver Mantle fringed with Gold, black curl'd hair, on which is a Chaplet of flowers, silver buskins laced with watcher ribbon; in her right hand she beareth a shield Vert, charged with a Serpent circular OR; and in the centre a Dove volant argent; in her left hand a Banner of the Kings.

*Justice*, In a crimson farset Robe, girt about with Gold, a purple mantle fringed with Gold and Silver, fair curl'd hair, a four corner'd Cap of Gold set with jewels, buskins of Gold laced with purple: In one hand a Ballance, in the other a Banner of the Cities.

*Temperance*, In a white silk Robe, a grass green mantle, a brown curl'd hair, on it a chaplet of white Lillies and damask Roses, purple buskins, laced and fustled with Gold; In one hand a Target-sable charged with a Chalice OR, viz. a Gold Cup, in the other a Banner of the Companies.

*Fortitude*, In a Robe of *Aurora* colour'd silk, a Mantle of Silver, a Silver Cosslet about her neck; a dark brown hair, a Garland of oaken leaves tipped with Gold; Silver buskins; On a shield gules a Tower Argent in one hand; in the other a Banner of my Lords.

And on four Pedestals, one at each Corner of the Stage, sit four Ladies, eminently and properly drest, *Peace, Purity, Plenty* and *Piety*; all of them bearing proper Emblems, as are significantly made more manifest by Description.

*Peace*, In an Olive-green farset Robe semined with silver stars, a Carnation



nation Mantle fringed with Gold, bright brown hair, a Chaplet of Hearts-ease, call'd in Latin by Physicians *Herba Trinitatis*, or *Pansy*; yellow buskins laced with purple and silver ribbon: In one hand a Palm-tree, in the other a Banner of the Supporters.

*Purity*, In a white silk Robe, a skie-colour'd Mantle, garnished with Gold, a dark brown hair, a Garland of white Roses; Orange-colour'd buskins, laced with skie-colour'd and silver Ribbon; In one hand a Crystal Globe, in the other a Banner of the Virgin.

*Plenty*, In a Vest of Gold and Silver, upon Roman Bases of Carnation, richly adorn'd with Silver and Gold Lace; a green silk and silver Mantle, Purple Buskins laced up with Gold; on her Head a blackish curl'd hair, about which is a wreath of Fruits, leaves and flowers: In one hand a Cornucopia, in the other a Golden Fleece.

*Piety*, In a Sable Robe, a silver Mantle, a fair hair, a Coronet of Golden Stars, Golden Buskins laced with black ribbon, bearing a Buckler in one hand, where, on a Mount Vert is a Crucifix proper; in the other a Banner on an Angelical Staff, bearing a Cross Gules in a Field Argent.

His Lordship coming to a convenient stand, **TRIUMPH** makes an Address to him in this Speech.

### The Speech by **TRIUMPH**.

**M**Y Name is **LONDON-Triumph**, Make my name  
Hail to Your Lordship. — I am hither come  
With my Kinsmen to attend upon  
Your Triple-crown'd Inauguration,  
Which doth an Emblem of your Honour shroud.  
You are the Sun-beams that break through the Cloud,  
The Sun in Aries, who are this year  
Brightly to shine in **LONDON** Hemisphere.  
The influence with which you are endow'd,  
Are Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Fortitude. — [point to them.  
To match with these, four bright Beams were sent ye,  
Purity, Peace, with Purity and Plenty: — [point to the others.  
These are those Graces which did main upon  
Elizabeth, Norman, Capel, Champions;  
With many such, that were Lord Mayors, and Free  
Of an Ancient, Famous **DRAPER's Company**.

And they are gone down many years ago a few  
 And all their profits & Virtues you renew  
 The beams that set with them do rise in you.  
 The DRAPER's Company, with Joynt-consent  
 To serve your Fame, have liberally spent  
 In Triumphs for this Day's Accomplishment;  
 And wish it may as a good Omen be  
 For the whole year of Your Prosperity:  
 May Trade encrease, may Plenty fill the Fold,  
 That you may turn your Fleeces into Gold.  
 Jason at Colchos gain'd the Fleece, 'tis true,  
 But God-bless'd Gideon had his Fleece too;  
 One was filitious, to'ber ye may see  
 Recorded in your Sacred History.  
 But granting both, the Demi Gods of Greece  
 Gain'd not more Fame than Gideon's blessed Fleece.  
 May you in Peace and War so prosperous be  
 To have Jason's Gold, and Gideon's Victory.  
 But I'm a Woman, and in speaking thus  
 Prolix, I fear you'll think me tedious  
 But pertinent; and I hope in Joy and Pleasure,  
 Your Lordship will allow of LONDON Measure.

The Speech ended, the Scene moves through the multitude, and his  
 Lordship with his Right Worships Retinue advanceth through *Cheapside*,  
 where against *Milkstreet* end; his passage is obstructed, and his Patience  
 invited to behold a second Pageant; the particulars of which are mani-  
 fested in this succeeding Description.

### The Second Pageant.

**A** Triumphant Chariot elegantly adorned with Gilding and Painting;  
 On the Supreme seat of this Chariot sitteth in great State *MIL-  
 NERVA*, the Goddess of Arts and Arms, with long thick bright curl'd  
 hair; On her Head a silver Helmet, in which is stuck a tall flourishing  
 Plume of red Feathers, consisting of a Sprig, and divers falls, with Silver  
 Ambour,

Armour, a Corset of Gold about her Neck, a Golden Garmlet, Carnation silk-bases, fringed with Gold; a blew silk Scarf trim'd with Silver, a short sword by her side, with a scabbard; on her feet silver Buskins laced up with scarlet Ribon: In one hand She holdeth a Lance, in the other a Target bearing the Companies Arms.

In a descent, beneath her feet sitteth *Vigilance*, *Valour* and *Victory*, according to these Descriptions:

*Vigilance*, Is a beautiful Lady, attired in a yellow Robe, over which is a Sable Mantle fringed with Gold, and seeded with waking eyes; an aborn hair, a Chaplet of Ivie on her Head; in her right hand a Lamp, in her left a Bell.

*Valour*, Hath on his Head a long black Peruke, a Buff-coat, with an imbroider'd Belt, an Orange-colour'd Scarf about his waist, a black Velvet Mountier Cap, with a Plume of White, Red and Black Feathers in it: In his right hand a sword drawn, and in his left a Target, bearing the Golden Fleece.

*Victory*, A Woman of Princely presence, clad all in Gold, and on a long bright hair curl'd, a wreath of Laurel, Golden Buskins laced with willow green, and silver Ribon: In one hand she beareth a silver Helmet, in the other a Crown of Gold.

This Chariot is drawn by the Supporters of the Companies Arms, which are two large and lively carved Lions in Gold pelleted, which are mounted by two Negro's in Robes of Silver, girt about with skie-colour'd Scarfs, Crowned with Coronets of various colour'd Feathers; the one representing *Strength*, the other *Concord*, each of them holding in one hand a Triple-Crown, and in the other the Companies Banner: His Lordship approaching within audible distance, is complemented by *Minerva*, with this Congratulatory Poem.

### The Speech by MINERVA

**I** Am the Deity of Arts and Arts,  
My Sovereignty doth rule in all the parts  
Of the round Universe: *Tis I, my Lord,*  
*That poize your Ballance, and direct your Sword:*  
*I guide all Bodies Politick, and rule*  
*Thy Court, Thy City, County, Camp, and School:*  
*My Name's Minerva, and I bring thee*  
*Thy Indus, with Power and Policy in thee.*  
*Wishes.*

Without which every thing would be void,  
 That hath a being underneath the Sun;  
 Born of the Brain of Jove: I was made free,  
 Of the Translendent Drapers Company,  
 Before Fitz-Alwin died, The first Lord Mayor  
 Of London, who Contin'd in the Chaire  
 Twenty four years, and might for ought I know,  
 If he had never died, sat there till now;  
 He govern'd by my Influence, and so has  
 The highest Potentates in Europe do,  
 Jason with Argo and his Gods of Greece,  
 Might have return'd from Colchos, all like Geese,  
 Had not I help'd him to the Golden Fleece.  
 I did without assault make all things his,  
 Not Jason's Buckler, but Minerva's Wisdome  
 And Love, gain'd him the Prize. 'Tis I that do  
 Affix the Scepter and the Sheep-hook too;  
 Which in these stout Supporters shew I am  
 Protector of the Lion and the Lamb, [Pointing to the Lions.  
 The last, (though Innocent from doing harms)  
 Doth yield Materials for Arts and Arms,  
 In Ceremonial Times, men just and wise  
 The Sheep did for their souls and bodies prize,  
 Which serv'd for Food, Garments, and Sacrifice,  
 For sure for Cloathing there may much be said,  
 The Sheep's the Spring of all the Drapers Trade,  
 That fleece Fleece which on his back he wear'd,  
 Hath a great Traffick thoroughout the World.  
 Therefore may Trading evermore be free,  
 To keep th' old Hollow up of Drapers Trade  
 May you, my Lord, be blest in your Command,  
 May all things prosper that you take in Hand,  
 And may Felicity for ever wait,  
 On Sheldon's Honour'd Name in Church and State.

This Speech ended, his Lordship expressed some Signallities of appro-  
 bation, and with the Scarlet Cavalry of the Right Worshipful Aldermen,  
 they Troop it through Cheapside: but by the way, my Lord is Courteously  
 intercepted with a Third Pageant, being a Mountain Royally adorned with  
 Primely Shepherds according to this description. The

*The Third Pageant.*

**A** Green Mountain naturally supplied with wild Byers, Brambles, Shrubs, and Trees: Gradually ascending from the Base to the extreme height: and on the top of it, is properly erected, a Rustick Structure, whereon sitteth in a stately posture, the Representation of PAN, the fictitious God of Shepherds: In a Robe of bright gray silk, and silver, girt with a gold Belt about his waist, A Peruke of darkish-brown-colour'd hair: And, on his head a Diadem of Wooll richly set with large bright sparkling Jewels: A green Scarf from the right shoulder to the left side, fringed with Gold: And from the left shoulder cross to the right side, a little Belt of Silver, on which hangeth a Silver Scrip. In his right hand he holdeth a Golden Sheep-hook, and in his left hand a Shepherds Golden Pipe.

By him sitteth *Syrinx* (his best beloved Nymph) in a watchet silk, and silver Robe, a bright ash-colour and gold Mantle; a long bright hair, and on it a Garland of green Reeds and Flags, bound up with Water Lillies, Yellow and blew Flowers de lis. In one hand a large flourishing Reed, in the other a Banner of the Companies Arms.

At each side, a little below them, sit Two Couples of Princely Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Upon his right hand *Stephen* and *Daphne*; *Corydon* and *Phyllis*. On the left hand, *Damon* and *Amaryllis*; *Amynas* and *Phyllis*.

*Their Dress.*

*Stephen*. In a silk russet and gold Robe, tied about with a yellow silk and silver Scarf, on which is hung at one side, a silver Scrip, on the other, a silver Bottle, of the Shepherd shape. A long curl'd black hair, and about it a Chaplet made of green Grass, in which are orderly mingled Barter Flowers, Daisies, Cow-slips, and other Meadow Flowers. On his Feet, Buskins of Silver, furr'd with green and gold Ribbons. In his right hand a Silver Hook, and in his left hand, a Banner of the Kings.

*Daphne*. In a Robe of grass-green and silver, tied about with a girdle of gold, with fair hair; and on it a Chaplet of Bayes, Buskins of Gold, a golden Scrip by her side, and in her right hand a golden Sheep-hook, in her left hand, a Banner of the Cities.

*Corydon,*



*Corydon*, In a Robe of Sea-green filk and silver, girt about with a gold Garter, flaxen hair, a wreath about his head, of Hops, Hawes, Black-berries, Sloes, wild Plumbs, &c. interwoven with their leaves, tip'd with silver and gold, golden Buskins, and golden Scrip, a silver Sheephook in one hand, and a Banner of the Lord Mayors in th' other.

*Phyllida*, In a Robe of Poppingjay-green Sarsnet and silver, girt about with a gray filk and gold Garter, on which hangeth a golden Scrip; a long curl'd black hair, and on her a Garland of Wood-bine intermingled with Violets, Primroses, Cowslips, Wood-roses and Eglantine; silver Buskins laced with Gold, a silver Sheep-hook in one hand, in the other the Golden-Fleece.

*Damon*, Is invested with a Robe of French-green filk and Gold, a dark brown hair, a broad green hat faced with silver, button'd up on the left side with a Jewel; a shoulder-scarf of yellow filk and silver; a silver Scrip, green Buskins laced up with gold, a silver Sheep-hook in one hand, and a Banner of the Supporters in the other.

*Ameryllis*, In a Carnation filk and silver Robe, with a shoulder-scarf of skie-colour and gold; a bright brown hair, a broad fine straw hat silver'd, faced with Carnation filk, and button'd up with a skie-colour'd filk and silver Ribon; silver Buskins laced with purple Ribon; a golden Scrip, in one hand a silver Hook, in the other, a Banner of the Virgin.

*Amynon*, In a Robe of Scarlet-colour'd Sarsnet and Gold, with a Mantle of purple and silver; Orange-colour Buskins laced up with purple Ribon; a fair curl'd hair, a straw hat gilt with Gold, faced with purple filk, button'd up with a scarlet and silver Ribon, a golden Scrip, a Sheep-hook of Gold in one hand, and a Banner of the Kings in the other.

*Phyllis*, In a purple filk and silver Robe, a Lemon-colour'd filk and gold Mantle, a curl'd black hair, a straw hat died crimson, faced with gold, turn'd up with a green filk and silver Ribon; Gold Buskins laced up with silver; a silver Scrip by her side, a silver Sheep-hook in one hand, in the other a Banner of the City.

At the foot of this Mountain, upon the Bridge standeth the Companies Crest, a Golden Ram in carved work, for magnitude bigger than the Life, on which sitteth a lovely Angelical Boy in a Robe of willow-green sarsnet and silver, holding a blade of scabret and silver Ribon in one hand, and a Banner of the Virgin in the other, tied to a golden Sheep-hook.

His Lordship being now and anon for Attention, PARN in his Appli- cation to him in this Poetical Composition.



## The third Speech, by PAN.

I Am God PAN, that Deity which doth  
Secure th' Arcadian Fields, producing Cloth,  
Which tinctur'd with Scurlet or Purple Dye,  
Is fit for Regal Robes of Royalty,  
Wise Magistrates, and those Consular Powers  
Whom Wealth and Wisdom have made Senators :

But bearing that (for Deities know all  
By Mercury Scout-Master-General  
Unto the Gods) that one of Drapers-Hall,  
An Ancient Corporation should appear  
A Beam of Government, who in this sphere  
Should guide the London-Citizens this year,  
I from Arcadian Plains made hast this way  
To add some little lustre to his Day.

[Looks about.

But which is He?—That question was not wise;  
Who ever look'd for Phœbus in the skies,  
Or which was Jove amongst the Deities?

Fool that I am! This person must be he,  
For I in every part of him can see  
Th' undoubted symptoms of true Dignity.

[Looks on him.

Then to your Lordship I must now address;  
Whose great and matchless merits I confess  
Is more than I am able to express.

These Pastoral Primes with me come to wait  
Upon your Triumphs, and to Celebrate  
The honour of your Pratorship, and see  
Your Ancient, Worthby, Honour'd Company.

[They all rise up.

Behold their Crest, a Golden Ram, from which  
All Drapers do grow consequently Rich.  
The Wealth of Colchus, by the men of Greece  
Was summ'd up in one word, The Golden Fleece;  
And here it is, a Fleece of a larger growth  
Which yields the Draper, Meat, and Drink, and Cloth.  
No Ram, no Lamb, no Lamb, no Sheep can be;  
No Sheep, no Fleece, no Flax, no Drapery.

'Tis not consider'd what the Ram can do,  
 Their very Antlers, when I covets did blow,  
 Batter'd the strong man'd Walls of Jericho. }  
 That Ram was a great Sacrifice, My Lord,  
 Which ransom'd Isaac from the falling sword.  
 But I'm too tedious, and I tire your sense  
 I fear, My Lord, with my impertinence;  
 For in brief rules of Regiment and Wis,  
 My Godship to your Lordship must submit.

His Lordship moving further, shewing evident signs that he was very well pleased with this Representation and Speech, meeteth another Scene of Drolls near St. Laurence-Lane-end, according to this description.

### *The fourth Pageant.*

**A** Forrest or Desert properly accommodated with Herbage, Trees, Bushes, Birds and Flowers; with Sheep grazing: and in it several sorts of common Cotswold Shepherds, and Salisbury plain Shepherdesses in their Frolicks, Clad, some in Ruffet Gowns, White, Red, and Yellow Wastcoats; Gray, Blew and Green Petticoats; common straw Hats; Green, Blew and Ruffet Linsey-woolsey Aprons, Leathern Girdles about their middles; small shoulder-belts, on which are tied counnton Scrips, and Field Bottles, with Dogs, wooden Staves with Iron Shep-hooks, with Pipes, Recordets, Flagellets, Bag-pipe, and Tumberley Bag; and whilst one part of them play, the other Dance, Tumble and Kifs in Rustick manner, and excellent confusion, which concludeth with a Shepherds Song, composed and adapted for that Scene: To which they all sing the Chorus whilst the Porters bear the burthen.

### *The S O N G.*

**W**Hat an innocent loving life Shepherds do lead,  
 In Grove, Field and Forrest, on Mountain and Mead!  
 Although our low Cottages are thatch't above,  
 Our hearts are well warm'd with the lining of Love:  
 Chor. And when we're at leisure we laugh and be merry,  
 With Cake-bread and Ale that's as brown as a berry.

In courting and sporting, we spend all the day,  
We fear not and care not how time runs away;  
And yet we can tell ye how nigh 'tis to Noon  
Or Evening, if we do but gaze on the Sun.

*But every night we do laugh and are merry,  
With Cake-bread and Ale, &c.*

We live as instructed by Father and Mother,  
Who teach us what we should do one to another,  
From fighting with fighting we care not a flea,  
Our Innocence is like a Navy at Sea;

*Which makes us so jocundly laugh and be merry,  
With Cake-bread and Ale, &c.*

We multiply not with unnatural heats,  
Nor kiss by the strength of provocative meats:  
Our lively plump Issue that spring from our beds,  
Are fat, fair, and clear, like young Cherubims heads;

*Which fairly were got when we laugh'd and were merry,  
By the help of good Ale, &c.*

We feel not the cares which attend upon Crowns,  
Live free from the fears of great Cities and Towns;  
We seek not for Honour with Sword, Pike and Buff,  
We all are contented, and that's wealth enough:

*Not crafty, with safety we laugh and are merry,  
With Apples and Ale, &c.*

We make men revive, with our Singing and Dances;  
There's no flesh alive like *Fidelia* and *Frances*;  
At Trap-ball and Stool-ball, *Rebecca* and *Rachel*,  
*Stephanis* doth stop well, and *Katey* can catch well:

*They trip it and lip it, they laugh and are merry,  
With Cheese-cakes and Ale, &c.*

With wild Curds and Custards, with Cheese-cakes and Pies,  
With Syder and Sugar, Cream and Straw-berries,  
Green Tansies and White-pots, with Fish, Fowl and Beast  
Our Table is spread at a Sheep-shearing Feast:

*And then w<sup>o</sup>r' i<sup>t</sup>b' humour to laugh and be merry,  
With Bag-pipe and Ale, &c.*

And thus have I given you a full of our Lives,  
 Our breeding, our feeding, our sports and our Wives,  
 Our innocence, honesty, mirth and mirth,  
 That wait upon us from the day of our birth:  
*And how in our balmours we laugh and are merry,  
 With Cakes and good Ale that's as brown as a berry.*

The Song being ended, the Foot Marshal having placed the Assistants, Livery, and the Companies on both sides of *King's street*, and their Pensioners with their Targets hung on the tops of their Javelins, in the Rear of them the Ensign-bearers, Drums and Fifes in the Front, and hasten the Foyns and Budge-Bachelors, together with the Gentlemen-Ushers to *Guild hall*, where his Lordship is again saluted by the Artillery-Men with three Volleys more, which concludes their Duty. His Land-Attendants pass through the *Gallery* or *Lane* to made into *Guild hall*, after which the Company repair to the *Hall* to Dinner, and the several Silks-works, and Triumphs are likewise conveyed into *Blackwell-Hall*; and the Officers aforesaid, and the Children that sit in the *Pageants* there refresh themselves until his Lordship hath dined at *Guild-Hall*, where (to make the Feast more famous) his Lordship is illustrated with the splendour and presence of their most Excellent Majesties, the *Duke of York*, *Prince Rupert*, the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Arch-Bishop of *Cambridge*, and all the other Bishops (at this time in *LONDON*) all the Resident Ambassadors and Envoys, all the Lords of the *Privy Council*, all the Principal Officers of State, all the Judges and Serjeants at Law, and their Ladies.

His Lordship and the Guests being all seated, the *City Musick* begin to touch their Instruments with very artful fingers, and after a Lesson being played, and their Ears as well pleased as their Mouths, an acute person, with a good voice, good humour, and audible utterance (the better to provoke digestion) sings this New Droll, called

*The EPICURE: Sung by one in the habit of a Town Gallant.*

**L**ET us drink and be merry, dance, Joke and Rejoice,  
 With Claret and Sherrie, Thee, and Vice,  
 The changeable World to our Joy is untold,  
 All Treasure uncertain, then down with your dust.  
*In Frallick, dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,  
 For we shall be nothing a hundred year hence.*

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Wee'l kiss and be free, with *Naw, Betty, and Philly,*  
*Hive Oysters, and Lobsters, and Mussels by the Belly;*  
*Fish Dinners will make a Last Spring like a flea,*  
*Dam Venus (Love's Goddess) was born of the sea.*  
*With her and with Bacchus, wee'll tickle the sence,*  
*For we shall be past it a hundred year hence.*

Your most beautiful *Biz* that bath all Eyes upon her,  
 That her *Honesty* sells for a *hogo* of *Honour;*  
 Whose *Lightness* and *Brightness*, doth shine in such *splendor,*  
 That none but the *Stars* are thought fit to attend her.  
*Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sence,*  
*Will be damnable mouldy a hundred year hence.*

Then why should we turmoil in *Cares* and in *Fears,*  
 Turn all our *Tranquillity* to *Sighs* and *Tears?*  
 Let's eat, drink and play till the *Worms* do corrupt us,  
 'Tis certain, that *post mortem nulla Voluptas.*  
*Let's deal with our Damsels, that we may from thence*  
*Have Broods to succeed us a hundred year hence.*

The *Usurer* that in the *hundred* takes *Twenty,*  
 Who *wants* in his *Wealth*, and doth pine in his *Plenty;*  
 Lays up for a season which he shall ne'r see,  
 The Year of One thousand eight hundred and three.  
*His Wit and his Wealth, his Law, Learning, and sence,*  
*Shall be turn'd into nothing a hundred year hence.*

Your *Chancery Lawyer* who by *Conscience* thrives,  
 In spinning of *Suits* to the length of *three Lives;*  
 Such *Suits* which the *Clients* do wear out in *slavery,*  
 Whilst *Pleader* makes *Conscience* a *Cloak* for his *slavery.*  
*May boast of his subtilty i'th' Present Tense,*  
*But Non est inventus a hundred year hence.*

Your most *Christian Monsieur* who rants it so *Riot,*  
 Not suffering his more *Christian Neighbours* live quiet;  
 Whose numberless *Legions* that to him belong,  
 Consists of more *Nations* than *Babel* has *Tongues.*

*Though*



*Though num'rous as Dust, in despite of defence,  
Shall all lie in ashes a hundred year hence.*

*We mind not the Counsels of such Bloody Elves,  
Let us set foot to foot, and be true to our selves;  
Our Honesty from our Good-fellowship springs,  
We aim at no selfish preposterous things.*

*Wee'll seek no preferment: by subtle pretences,  
Since all shall be nothing a hundred year hence.*

This frolick being ended, and well approved of, a hearty Cup of Wine is set round the Table; in the mean time, the Musick exprets their skill in playing divers new sprightly Airs, whilst another Musician with a Cup of Sack puts his Pipe in Tune to sing this ensuing Song.

**Y***OU that delight in Wis and Mirth,  
And love to hear such News;  
That come from all parts of the Earth,  
Turks, Dutch, and Danes and Jews.  
I'll send ye to the Rendezvous,  
Where it is smoaking new;  
Go bear it at a Coffee-House,  
It cannot but be true.*

*There Battails and Sea-fights are fought,  
And bloody Plots displaid;  
They know more things than ere was thought,  
Or ever was bewray'd.  
No money in the Mintage House,  
Is half so bright and new;  
And coming from the Coffee-House,  
It cannot but be true.*

*Before the Navies fell to work,  
They knew who should be winner;  
They there can tell ye what the Turk,  
Last Sunday had to Dinner.  
Who last did eat Du Ruiters Corns,  
Amongst his Jovial Crew;*



*Or who first gave the Devil horns,  
Which cannot but be true.*

*A Fisher man did boldly tell,  
And strongly did avouch,  
He caught a shoole of Mackerell,  
That parley'd all in Dutch,  
And cry'd out, Yaw, yaw, yaw min hares,  
And as the draught they drew,  
They stunk for fear that Monk was there,  
This sounds as if 'twere true.*

*There's nothing done in all the World,  
From Monarch to the Mouse;  
But every day or night 'tis burl'd,  
Into the Coffee-House.  
What Lilly or what Booker can'd  
By Art not bring about;  
At Coffee-House you'll find a brood,  
Can quickly find it out.*

*They know who shall in time to come,  
Be either made or undone;  
From great St. Peter's-street in Rome,  
To Turnbal-street in London.  
And likewise tell at Clerken-well,  
What Whore hath greatest gain;  
And in that place what brazen face  
Doth wear a golden Chain.*

*They know all that is good or hurt,  
To damn ye or to save ye;  
There is the Colledge and the Court,  
The Country, Camp, and Navy,  
So great an University;  
I think there ne'r was any;  
In which you may a Seblar be,  
For spending of a penny.*

*Here*

